

Four Songs of Love & Loss

For Baritone and Piano

Music: Philip Seaton

Poems by:

William Browne William Congreve

John Wilmot John Clare

ANDART MUSIC

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For Baritone and Piano

Philip Seaton

music.philipseaton.net

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Four Songs of

Memory – William Browne (c.1591-1645)

So shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun;
So from the honeysuckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done;
So sits the turtle when she is but one,
And so all woe, as I since she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
Made all the summer as one day:
Which once enjoy'd, cold winter's wrath
As night they sleeping pass away.
Those happy creatures are, that know not yet
The pain to be deprived or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory:
But could they teach Forgetfulness,
I'd learn; and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

False though She be – William Congreve (1670-1729)

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met:
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

Love and Loss

Love and Life: a Song – John Wilmot (1647-1680)

All my past life is mine noe more
The flying Houres are gon
Like transitory Dreames giv'n ore
Whose Images are kept in Store
By Memory alone.

What ever is to come is not
How can it then be mine,
The present Moment's all my Lott
And that as fast as it is got
Phillis is wholly thine.

Then talke not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts, and broken Vows,
If I, by Miracle can be,
This live-long Minute true to thee,
Tis all that Heav'n allows.

Song – John Clare (1793-1864)

I hid my love when young while I
Coud'nt bear the buzzing of a flye
I hid my love to my despite
Till I could not bear to look at light
I dare not gaze upon her face
But left her memory in each place
Where ere I saw a wild flower lye
I kissed and bade my love good bye

I met her in the greenest dells
Where dew drops pearl the wood blue bells
The lost breeze kissed her bright blue eye
The Bee kissed and went singing bye
A sun beam found a passage there
A gold chain round her neck so fair
As secret as the wild bees song
She lay there all the summer long

I hid my love in field and town
Till e'en the breeze would knock me down
The Bees seemed singing ballads oe'r
The flyes buzz turned a Lions roar
And even silence found a tongue
To haunt me all the summer long
The Riddle nature could not prove
Was nothing else but secret love

Memory

William Browne (1692-1774)

Philip Seaton

Lento

Baritone

Piano

Lento

p mesto

5

Bar.

So shuts the mar-i-gold her leaves At the de-par-ture of the sun; So from the

p mesto *mf warmly*

Pno

mf warmly

9

Bar.

hon - ey - suck - le sheaves The bee goes when the day is done; So

mp mesto

Pno

13

Bar.

sits the tur-tle when she is but one, And so all woe, as I since she is gone. To

mf warmly

Pno

mp mesto

18

Bar. 

some few birds kind Na - ture hath Made all the sum - mer as one day: Which

Pno  *mf warmly*


20

Bar. 


once en - joy'd, cold win - ter's wrath As night they sleep - ing pass a - way. Those *mp*

Pno 

22

Bar. 

hap - py crea - tures are, that know not yet. The pain to be de - prived or to for - *p poco rall*

Pno  *mp* *poco rall*

26

Bar. 

get. I oft have heard men say there be Some that with con - fi - dence pro - fess The

Pno  *p* *poco meno mosso*

29

Bar. *help - ful Art of Mem - o - ry: But could they teach For - get - ful - ness, I'd*
p sempre poco rall. mf a tempo

Pno *p sempre poco rall. mf a tempo*

32

Bar. *learn; and try what fur - ther art could do. To make me love her and for - get her*
mp

Pno *mp*

37

Bar. *too.*

Pno *f*

40

Bar.

Pno *mp*

43

Bar.

and
mp

47

Bar.

try what fur - ther art could do to make me love her and for -

49

Bar.

get her too.

False though She be

Seaton: *Four Songs*

William Congreve (1670-1729)

53 **Con moto** ♩ = 100

Bar.

Pno **Con moto** ♩ = 100
mp

57

Bar.

Pno **f**
Red.

58

Bar.

Pno

59

Bar.

Pno **f**
False though she be to

60

Bar. me and love, I'll

Pno

61

Bar. ne'er pur - sue re -

Pno

62

Bar. venge; For

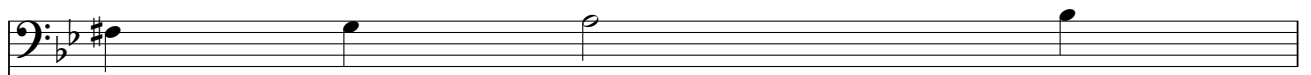
Pno

63

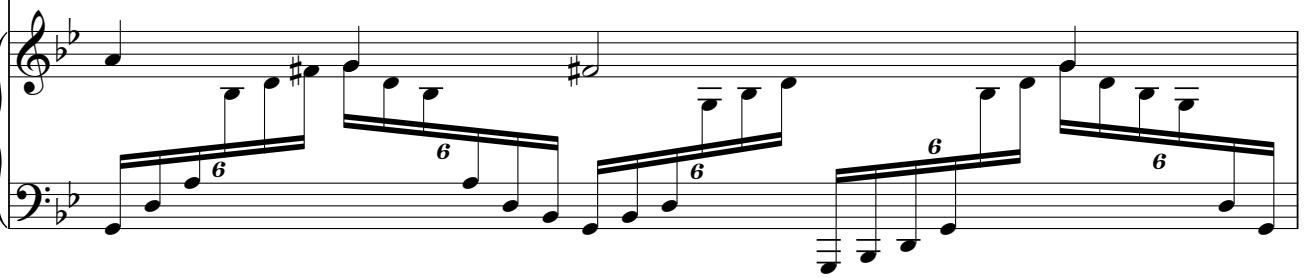
Bar. still the charm - er

Pno


64

Bar. 

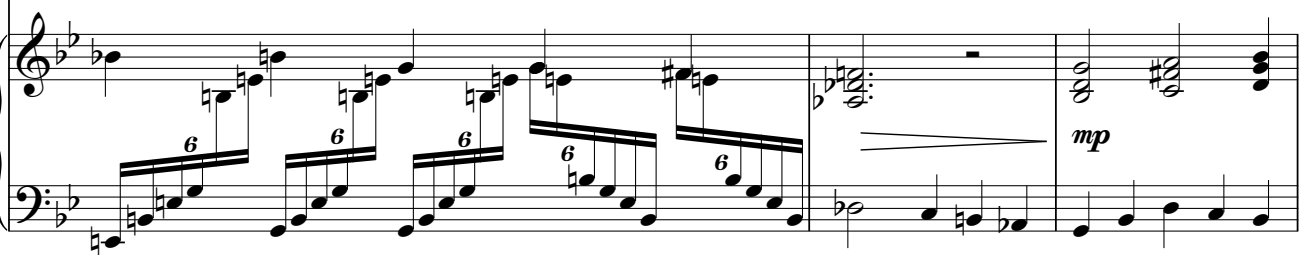
I ap - prove Though

Pno 

65

Bar. 

I de - plore her change.

Pno 

68

Bar. 

In *mp dolce*

Pno 

71

Bar. 

hours of bliss we oft have met: They

Pno 

73

Bar.

Pno

75

Bar.

Pno

77

Bar.

Pno

80 **A tempo**

Bar.

Pno

81

Bar.

Pno

82

Bar.

False though she be

f

Pno

Love and Life

John Wilmot (1647-1680)

84 **In a stupor** ♩ = 100

Bar. *mf* All my past life is

Pno *mf* *mp*

87

Bar. mine noe more, The fly-ing Houres are gon Like

Pno

90

Bar. tran-si-to-ry Dreames giv-'n ore, Whose Im-a-ges are kept in

Pno

93

Bar. Store By Mem-o-ry a-lone.

Pno

98

Bar. 

Pno 

100

Bar. 

Pno 

103

Bar. 

Pno 

106

Bar. 

Pno 

110

Bar. con - stan - cy, False Hearts, and bro - ken Vows, If

Pno

113

Bar. I, by Mi - ra - cle can be, This

Pno

116

Bar. live - long Min - ute true to thee, Tis all that

Pno

120

Bar. Heav'n al - lows.

Pno

124

Bar.

Pno

126

Bar.

Pno

I Hid My Love

John Clare (1793-1864)

129 Adagio

Bar.

Pno *mp* *mf*

135

Recitative

Bar.

Pno *mp* *p*

I hid my
mp
Recitative

139

Bar.

love—when young while I Coud'-nt bear the buz - zing of a flye I
più mf *più f*

Pno *mp* *mf*

143

Bar.

hid my love to my des-pite Till I could not bear to look at light

Pno *f* *8va*

147

Bar. *mp* I dare not gaze up - on her face But

Pno *p*

Ped.

150

Bar. *mp sempre* left her me-mo-ry in each place *poco rall.* Where ere_ I_ saw a wild flower lye I kissed and

Pno *p sempre* *poco rall.*

155

A tempo

Bar. bade my love good bye

Pno *mp dolce*

Ped.

161

Bar. *mp dolce* I met her in_ the_ green-est dells Where dew drops pearl_ the wood blue_

Pno

167

Bar. bells The lost breeze kissed her bright blue eye The Bee kissed and went

Pno

171

Bar. sing-ing bye A sun beam found a pas - sage there A gold chain round her neck so fair

Pno

176

Bar. — As sec-ret as the wild bees song She lay there all the sum - mer

più mf

Pno

più mf

182

Bar. long

Pno

f allargando

186

Bar. *mp* I hid my love in field and town Till e'en the

poco a poco cresc.

Pno *mp* *poco a poco cresc.*

Red.

189

Bar. breeze would knock me down The *f* *agitato*

Pno *f* *agitato*

191

Bar. Bees seemed sing - ing bal - lads o'er The

Pno *f* *agitato*

192

Bar. flies buzz turned a Li - ons roar And *p*

Pno *ff*

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Website: www.andartmusic.uk

Contact: sales@andartmusic.uk